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THE
SECOND EPISTLE

Of the First BOOK of

H O R A C E

IMITATED.

(Price One Shilling.)

1601/391.

THE
SECOND EPISTLE

Of the Fifth Book of

H O R A C E

L I M I T E D .



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SECOND EPISTLE

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By GEORGE OGLE, *Esq;*



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at *Tully's Head, Pall-Mall.*

MDCCXXXVIII.

THE
SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE FINE BOOK

H. O. R. A. C. E.

LIMITED.

By GEORGE OGLE, Esq.



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THE
SECOND EPISTLE
OF THE
First Book of *HORACE* Imitated.

To the Right Honorable

The Lord TULLAMORE.

WHILE You on LIFFY⁴ emulate SAINT-JAMES,
I quit the Courtly for the Rural⁵ THAMES;
And while of Peace and War³ You raise Debate,
And What befits the Crown, and What the State;
I, with my Classic Friends,⁶ my Hours imploy,
But most with Him¹ who sings the Siege of TROY.
Who, What is Beauteous, Base,⁷ is Wrong, or Right,
Stronger⁹ asserts than *Bulwer* or the KNIGHT;
Plainer⁸ than PUFFENDORF¹⁰ or GROTIUS shows:
Tho' He to Measure bound, They loos'd in Prose.

B

Whence

Whence rose ¹¹ this Thought (a Doubt if It create,
And Nought detain ¹² of greater Use or Weight)
Attend, ² Dear MOOR! What moves my Judgment, ¹³
HOMER and HORACE may deserve an Ear. (hear!

The Fable * that from Vice ¹⁴ its Moral draws,
(Of War, the Author PARIS, ¹⁵ Love the Cause.)
Opens the last ¹⁶ and tenth protracted Year,
Alike to ASIA, and to GREECE severe;
And points each Ill, ¹⁸ that from Dissention springs
To thoughtless Nations, ¹⁷ and to thoughtless Kings.

Sollicitous to heal ¹⁹ the Wound appears
The cool ANTENOR, of maturer Years.
“ O, Chiefs! wou’d You not bear yet heavier Woes,
“ What, my Heart dictates, let my Tongue disclose.

EPISTOLA II.

Ad L O L L I U M.

Homerum præ Philosophis omnibus optimum esse virtutis magistrum declarat, & ad Sapientie studium maturè capeffendum hortatur.
Trojani belli scriptorem, ¹

maxime Lolli, ²
Dum tu declamas ³

Rome ⁴
Præneste ⁵

relegi: ⁶

“ Strike

• Plan of the Iliad.



" Strike boldly at the Cause, ²⁰ and end the Strife.

" Back with her Treasure, send the ravish'd Wife."

This, PARIS, ²¹ young and passionate, denies.

" The Treasure I remit, but not the Prize.

" Add of our Wealth, I never shall repine,

" Remain but HELEN, beauteous HELEN, Mine.

" And Mine, ²³ She is--And shall be--Be it known."--

Nor wou'd He part Her ²² for the DARDAN Throne.

The TROJANS, You will judge, to Reason blind ;
Nor were the GREEKS in Error far behind.

Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non, ?
Planius, ⁸

— ac melius ?

Cur ita crediderim ¹¹ *Chryippo, & Crantore dicit. ¹⁰*

(*nisi quid te detinet*) ¹²

Fabula, ¹⁴

— *quâ Paridis propter narratur amorem ¹⁵*

Græcia Barbariæ lento collisa duello, ¹⁶

Stultorum regum ac populorum ¹⁷

Antenor censet ¹⁹

— *belli præcidere causam. ²⁰*

Quod Paris, ²¹

— *ut saluus regnet, vivatque beatus, ²²*

Cogi posse negat. ²³

What

What Pains, ²⁴ the Wrath, took NESTOR to compose,
 That, twixt PELIDES ²⁵ and ATRIDES, rose ?
 The King with Love, ²⁶ with Scorn the Hero burns ;
 And Both, ²⁷ one common Fury fires by Turns.
 “ For Public Good my Captive I resign,
 (That cries) “ The Loss shall be repar’d by Thine.” ---
 “ Then GREECE, that sees the Wrong, shall mourn the
 (Adds This) “ and ask my Sword, but ask in vain”. (Stain,
 The madding Princes, urg’d by Lust ³² and Pride,
 Rejoin, insult, recriminate, divide.
 While the griev’d Subject, by their Errors tost,
 Lament the Storm, ²⁹ and in the Storm are lost.
 Whate’er the Source whence Royal ²⁸ Folly flows,
 The private Faults of Kings are public Woes.
 Hence Fraud, Sedition, ³¹ Insolence, and Rage,
 Alike the States of TROY and GREECE ³⁰ ingage ;
 Fill Town and Camp with Tumult and with Rout,
 Within the Walls ³³ of ILIUM and without.

———— Nestor componere lites ²⁴ :
 Inter Peliden festinat & inter Atriden. ²⁵

Hunc amor, ²⁶

———— ira quidem communiter urit utrumque. ²⁷
 Quidquid delirant reges, ²⁸

———— plestuntur ²⁹

———— Achivi. ³⁰
 Seditio, dolis, scelere, ³¹

———— atque libidine, & ira, ³²
 Iliacos intra muros peccatur & extra. ³³

The Fable †, that from Virtue takes it's Rise,
 Designs ³⁵ the useful Plan of Good ³⁴ and Wise.
 Take in this Light the ULYSSEAN ³⁶ Piece,
 And follow ITHACUS from TROY to GREECE.
 Learn what Misfortunes met, ⁴¹ what Dangers ran,
 The much induring, long experienc'd Man.
 The Man for Arms, but more for Arts, renown'd!
 The Man who level'd ³⁷ ILIUM with the Ground!
 Who various States ³⁸ and various Manners knew!
 Who, Good from Ill *, from Vice who Virtue, drew!
 What Toils by Land, what Toils by Sea ³⁹ He bore?
 While anxious He ⁴⁰ reseeks his native Shore;
 And Safety for Himself and Friends provides:
 Toft, ⁴² not immers'd, on Fortune's adverse Tides!

Rursum quid virtus & quid sapientia possit ³⁴
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar ³⁵

Ulyssen : ³⁶

Qui, domitor Trojæ, ³⁷

*multorum * providis urbēs*

Et mores hominum inspexit ; ³⁸

latumque per æquor, ³⁹

Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, ⁴⁰

aspera multa

Pertulit : ⁴¹

adversis rerum immersabilis undis. ⁴²

† Plan of the Odyssey.

You

You know the SYRENS ⁴³ of the Watry Way,
 Each luring Voice, Destruction in each Lay.
 The Force, ⁴⁵ You know, of CIRCE'S ⁴⁴ luscious Bowl;
 That chang'd the Body and immur'd the Soul.
 The Crew partook ⁴⁷ with inconsiderate Haste;
 He not, till first prepar'd, ⁴⁶ indulg'd the Taste.
 Else, ⁵⁰ ever, had He mourn'd the treach'rous Feast,
 Prone join'd the common Herd; a Human Beast!
 In vilest Slav'ry ⁴⁸ serv'd, (Unsens'd ⁴⁹ and Mute)
 The Wanton, that transform'd the Man to Brute;
 Debas'd ⁵¹ his Nobler Shape to the Canine,
 Or, Friend to Ordure, ⁵² wallow'd with the Swine.

Alike, his under Figures claim the View,
 And prove the World, ⁵³ in Manners old, yet new.

Sirenium voces, ⁴³

Et Circe pocula ⁴⁴

nostri; ⁴⁵

Quæ si cum sociis ⁴⁶

stultus cupidusque bibisset, ⁴⁷

Sub dominâ meretrice ⁴⁸

fuiſſet turpis

Et excors; ⁴⁹

Vixisset ⁵⁰

canis immundus, ⁵¹

aut amica luto ſus. ⁵²

This

This motley ⁵⁴ Group the present Age must mean ;
 LONDON at least might furnish out the Scene.
 What are We ⁵⁵ better than the lavish Train,
 To spoil the Vintage, born, ⁵⁶ and waste the Grain ?
 The Slaves, ⁵⁸ that to betray their Trust prepare ?
 The Guardians, that consult to cheat the Heir ?
 The Lovers, that in Riot murder Life ?
 The Suitors, that beleague ⁵⁷ the widow'd Wife ?
 The Magistrates, that Justice mask with Guile ?
 Or Natives of the rude PHÆACIAN Isle ?
 Lords of the Oceans, Masters of the Winds ?
 (Rough Elements, expressive of their Minds !)
 Proud, of the Preference paid their Sea-bound Earth ?
 Savage, to Those that own a foreign Birth ?
 Fools, not to know how their own Race began,
 And that it is not *Whence*, but *What* the Man ?

Nos ⁵³

_____ numerus ⁵⁴

_____ fumus, ⁵⁵

_____ & fruges consumere nati, ⁵⁶

Sponsi Penelopæ, ⁵⁷

_____ nebulones, ⁵⁸

Or

Or shou'd You hence (What might your Pains
 requite)
 Extend the Parallel to the Polite;
 Ought cou'd You want, the Picture to complete,
 Touch but SAINT JAMES's? Both the Square and Street!
 Rules not ALCINOUS⁵⁹ still, in either Court,
 Soft Youth,⁶³ that Manly Toil⁶² for Female Sport,
 Diffuse? That pride,⁶¹ with more than decent Care,
 The Face⁶⁰ to polish, and adjust the Hair?
 That build their chief Concern⁶⁴ on false Delight?
 With Mid-day⁶⁵ Sleep anticipate the Night?
 Again, the Nightly Interval⁶⁸ prolong,
 Borrow'd⁶⁷ from Day, with Time-beguiling⁶⁶ Song?

*In cute curanda*⁶⁰ *Alcinoique*⁵⁹
*plus æquo*⁶¹
*operata*⁶²
*Cui pulchrum fuit*⁶⁴ *juventus;*⁶³
*in medios dormire dies,*⁶⁵
*Ad strepitum citharæ*⁶⁶ *cessantem*⁶⁷
*ducere somnum.*⁶⁸

But

of HORACE.

9

But You that hate the Knave, the Fool despise ;
And from Example grow more Just and Wise :
Still see you not, and not commiserate still,
Such Sloth in Good, such Industry in Ill ;
To take ⁷⁰ the Road, thus, Tyburn Heroes life,
When not a Priest or Curate opes his Eyes.
To kill ⁶⁹, Those wake at One ; These ⁷² doze till Seven ;
Tho' call'd to send ⁷¹ Parishioners to Heaven.

If Nature made You ⁷³, Art must keep You, whole ;
Then as You tend your Body, * tend your Soul.
Use to your able Limbs if You ⁷⁴ refuse,
Then must You strain Them, ⁷⁶ when You fear to lose ;
To Sickneſs give, ⁷⁵ to Health what You deny,
The growing Malady ⁷⁷ will make You fly ;

Ut jugulent hominem ⁶⁹ *furgunt de nocte latrones :* ⁷⁰
Ut teipſum ſerves, ⁷¹ *non expergifceris ?* ⁷² *Atqui* ⁷³
Si nolis ⁷⁴ *ſanus,* ⁷⁵ *curres* ⁷⁶ *bydropicus.* ⁷⁷ & n1

* For curres ſome read cures.

Take Exercise at Hours that most displease,
And owe your Appetite to your Disease.

So, while our Eyes unbroken Slumbers close,
Sink We the Soul⁷⁹ resign'd to soft Repose;
Nor call for Books⁷⁸ and Lights before the Day,
Truth to explore,⁸⁰ and Virtue to survey;
The Seeds of Sloth shall quick Advances make,
And Vice constrain⁸³ the sleepy Sense to wake;
Pale Envy⁸¹ rouse Us with the Morning Light,
And restless Lust⁸² recount each Hour of Night.

True; should the Body feel some Nervous Ill,
We fly⁸⁵ to WARD and swallow Drop, or Pill;
Or shou'd some Watry Humor⁸⁴ cloud the Sight,
Try TAYLOR's Hand,⁸⁶ so skilful and so light:

Posces ante diem librum cum lumine; 78

Intendes animum 79

studiis ac rebus honestis, 80

Invidia 81

vel amore vigil 82

torquebere. 83

Nam cur

Quæ ledunt oculum 84

festinas 85

demere; 86

Then,

Then, why when Cares torment,⁸⁷ or Passions blind,
Not seek⁸⁸ the sage Physician of the Mind?

Half-finish'd is the Work,⁸⁹ if well-begun.
Dare⁹⁰ to be Wise. Resolve⁹¹ and You have Done.
Who wishes to go right,⁹² and knows the Way,
Yet puts the Journey⁹³ off from Day to Day;
Lodg'd on a Bank⁹⁴ to see the Streams abate,
Waits like the Clown,⁹⁵ and may for ever wait :
The Streams,⁹⁶ whose equal Tide not Years assuage,
Roll and will roll,⁹⁷ thence voluble to Age.

But of all Vice, from Virtue when We part,
None takes such Hold,⁹⁸ as Avarice, of the Heart.
Tho' Marriage be the first Concern of Life;
DIVES ask'd Nought but Fortune in a Wife.
Yet His,¹⁰⁰ brought Fortune, Virtue, Form and Soul;
“ But then Co-heiress ! Wou'd He had the Whole ! ”

Est animum, ⁸⁷ *si quid*

differs curandi tempus in annum ? ⁸⁸

Dimidium facti, qui cepit, habet. ⁸⁹

Incipe. ⁹⁰ *Sapere aude :* ⁹¹

Qui rectè vivendi ⁹²

prorogat horam, ⁹³

Rusticus expectat ⁹⁴

dum desinit annis : ⁹⁵

at ille ⁹⁶

Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum. ⁹⁷

Queritur argentum, ⁹⁸

She fills his House. ⁹⁹ " 'Tis all Expence and Noise! "
 Aunts take the Girls, and Uncles breed the Boys.
 Not thus content: His future Hope depends
 On Posts at Court and Legacies from Friends.
 Nor sees, that, bless'd with a ¹⁰² sufficient Store,
 'Tis meer Exorbitance ¹⁰³ to wish for more.
 Yet Nought for Show his Industry allows;
 His Wood He fells, ¹⁰¹ his very Park He plows.
 To Houses, Houses joins, and Lands to Lands,
 Gets Pow'r, and heaps up Wealth with dirty Hands.
 Yet what avail, House, ¹⁰⁴ Land, or Pow'r, or Wealth,
 Wants Peace his Soul, or wants his Body Health?
 Can These or Those or quiet or restrain
 The Limb Rheumatic ¹⁰⁵ or the tortur'd Brain?
 The sad Possessor ¹⁰⁶ must have Ease and Taste,
 Or What are These but Lumber, ¹⁰⁷ Those but Waste?

Uxor, ¹⁰⁰

Et incultae pacantur vomere sylvae. ¹⁰¹

Quod satis est cui contingit, ¹⁰²

nihil amplius optet. ¹⁰³

Non domus Et fundus, non aris acervus Et auri ¹⁰⁴

Egroti domini deduxit corpore febres

Non animo curas. ¹⁰⁵

Valeat possessor oportet ¹⁰⁶

Si comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti. ¹⁰⁷

Qui cupit ¹⁰⁸

No

No more ¹¹⁰ They joy the Man (too much ¹⁰⁹ that fears,
That hopes ¹⁰⁸ too much) than Music ¹¹³ deafen'd Ears!
No more than Scents the Short of Nose delight!
No more than Pictures ¹¹¹ please the Void of Sight!
No more than sooth the Foot, ¹¹² in Flannel laid,
The softest Touches of the loveliest Maid!

Touch'd is the Cask? ¹¹⁴ You lose your whole Design;
And all You pour is Vinegar ¹¹⁵ not Wine.
Just so in Man, the Taint admits no Cure,
All Moral vitiates in a Heart impure.
Cleanse but the Soul, in That the Secret lies;
Thus HORACE, and thus HOMER wou'd advise.

Abstain from Pleasure ¹¹⁶ (if You need abstain)
For Pleasure highly ¹¹⁷ injures bought with Pain.

aut metuit, ¹⁰⁹
juvat illum sic domus acres ¹¹⁰
Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, ¹¹¹
fomenta podagrum, ¹¹²
Aurículas citbaræ collectâ sordē dolentes. ¹¹³
Sincerum est nisi vas, ¹¹⁴
quodcunque infundis arefcit. ¹¹⁵
Sperne voluptatem : ¹¹⁶
nocet emptā dolore voluptas. ¹¹⁷

The Covetous still wants ¹¹⁸ amidst his Store;
 Profusion only serves to make Him poor.
 Felicity, on Moderation, found.
 Ambition fix, ¹¹⁹ that knows no certain Bound.
 Wealthy Yourself, condemn superior Wealth;
 Spleen oft ingenders from Excess of Health.
 The Stings of Envy ¹²¹ carefully prevent,
 SICILIAN Tortures ¹²² cou'd not so torment;
 Such Racks no Tyranny, ¹²³ no Church cou'd find:
 Less pain the Body These, ¹²⁴ than Those the Mind.
Hence feels pale LITTARIS ¹²⁰ *nor Joy nor Rest,*
So Lean so Sad to see You Round and Blest.
 Alike, in Word or Deed, ¹²⁵ Intemper shun;
 Least This You wish unsaid, ¹²⁶ and That undone.

Semper avarus egens. ¹¹⁸

certum voto pete finem. ¹¹⁹

Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis. ¹²⁰

Invidia ¹²¹

Siculi ¹²²

non invenerunt tyranni ¹²³

Majus tormentum. ¹²⁴

Qui non moderabitur iram ¹²⁵

Infedum volet esse, ¹²⁶

The

To

To calm Repentment, and to moderate Hate,
Serves both the Man of Privacy and State.
Distrust the Truth of What You see or hear ;
Your Eye may be deceiv'd, misled your Ear.
And oft, while Spleen ¹²⁷ provokes, and Rage ¹²⁸ inflames,
Revenge receives ¹²⁹ the very Blow She aims.
Anger is Phrenzy, ¹³⁰ long or short the Stay ;
The Madness of a Season or a Day.
Then curb with Judgment, ¹³¹ and with Temper cool,
What, if You rule ¹³² not, will be sure to rule.
Bind with each Cord, ¹³³ with ev'ry Fetter bind ;
For know, your Slave, or Tyrant, is your Mind.

But wait not to perform, (if This be Truth)
In Age that Good, You may perform in Youth.
Youth It concerns in Virtue to ingage ;
For Vice is second Nature, grown to Age.

_____ dolor quod suaserit ¹²⁷

_____ & mens ¹²⁸

Dum pœnas odio per vim festinat inulto, ¹²⁹

Ira furor brevis est. ¹³⁰

_____ Animum rege : ¹³¹

_____ qui, nisi paret,

Imperat ; ¹³²

_____ hunc frenis, hunc tu compeſce catenâ. ¹³³

Soon ¹⁴² as the Hound, within the Mansion Hall,
 Opes at the spotted ¹⁴³ Skin that lines the Wall;
 The knowing Sportsman leads Him to the Wood,
 Cheers to the Chase, and enters Him in Blood:
 Thence staunch, o'er Hill and Dale, He scents the Prey,
 And fights ¹⁴⁴ the desp'rate Stag, tho' held at Bay.

The ¹³⁴ tender Colt ¹³³ thus skilful Fobert ¹³⁷ trains,
 And bends his pliant ¹³⁶ Neck with stubborn Reins;
 To his soft Back ¹³² the menag'd Saddle fits,
 And forms his docile ¹³⁵ Jaws with Iron Bits:
 Till his taught Spirits ¹⁴¹ learn to bear Command,
 Turn to the Knee, ¹³⁸ and answer to the Hand;

Finger ¹³²equum ¹³³tender ¹³⁴docilem ¹³⁵cervice ¹³⁶magister ¹³⁷Ire ¹³⁸viam, ¹³⁹quā monstret ¹⁴⁰eques: ¹⁴¹

Venaticus, ex quo

Tempore ¹⁴²cervinam pellem latravit in gula, ¹⁴³Militet in sylvis catulus. ¹⁴⁴

Submit

Submit his lessen'd ¹⁴⁰ Limbs to rise and fall;
 Vault at the Post, ¹³⁹ or pass along the Wall,
¹⁴⁹ Youth is the ¹⁴⁵ time strict ¹⁴⁸ Precepts to ¹⁴⁶ infill,
 While yet your purer ¹⁴⁷ Breast admits no Ill;
 While yet all Fraud your fairer Hand disdains;
 While neither Court corrupts, nor Treasury stains :
 Time! to accept Advice, ¹⁵⁰ Advice to lend,
 (Virtue, your Guide, ¹⁵¹ Philosophy, your Friend.)
 To show, that, what the recent ¹⁵² Vessel pass'd,
 Will keep the Tinge ¹⁵³ and Odor to the last.
 For You; 'tis but to end, as You begun,
 Keep your own equal Rate; nor stop, nor run.

_____ Nunc ¹⁴³
 _____ adhibe ¹⁴⁶
 _____ pure
 Peffore ¹⁴⁷
 _____ verba, ¹⁴⁸
 _____ puer; ¹⁴⁹
 _____ nunc ¹⁵⁰
 _____ te melioribus offer, ¹⁵²
 Quo semel est imbuta recens, ¹⁵³
 _____ servabit odorem
 Testa diu, ¹⁵³
 _____ Quod si cessas, ¹⁵⁴
 _____ aut strenuus anteis; ¹⁵⁵
 Non tardum operior, ¹⁵⁶
 _____ nec præcedentibus insto. ¹⁵⁷

Too tardy, in the Courſe, ¹⁵⁴ if Some delay,
 Or Some, too ſtrenuous, ¹⁵⁵ preſs to lead the way;
 For Thoſe, that fail'd, ¹⁵⁶ I would not ſlack my Pace,
 Nor ſtrain, for Thoſe, ¹⁵⁷ that preſs'd a ſwifter Race.



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

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